

THE

**Lord Mayor's Show:**

BEING A

Description of the Solemnity

AT THE

**INAUGURATION**

*Of the truly Loyal and Right Honourable*

**Sir WILLIAM PRICHARD, K<sup>t</sup>.**

**LORD MAYOR of the City of**

**L O N D O N;**

**President of the Honourable Artillery Company, and a**

**Member of the Worshipful Company of**

**MERCHANT-TAYLORS.**

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*Perform'd on Monday, September XXX. 1682.*

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**With several new Loyal Songs and Catches.**

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**LONDON, Printed for T. Burrell. 1682.**

A Song made upon the Election of Sir William  
Pitt Rivers to be Lord Mayor. To the  
Tune of Sawny.

**L**ONDON is chang'd, and the Times are turn'd;  
The Mayor and Sheriffs are brave and true:  
Poor Whigs! their Tricks and their Plots are scorn'd;  
The Laws shall be free, and the King have his due.  
What a noise and a din has here bin of late,  
To hinder your Choice with idle debate?  
Yet who can think the Whigs so great,  
That only the Whigs can govern the State?

Then welcome Great Monarch, welcome again,  
The seat of Joy of all true hearts;  
This day shall shew how great you reign  
In spite of Faction's base Arts,  
Healsh to your Princely Brother too,  
As dear to Us, as dear to You;  
Let him appear, and Whigs look blew,  
That others can better now govern the State.

And You my Lord, whose praise this Day  
In story never shall decay,  
Proceed with vigour, and since virtue  
Patterns out-worn of Worth restore.  
For you can do it, whose Great Soul  
Is fitted for your High Controule,  
To make the Cities Breaches whole:  
So farewell poor Whigg, with their Livery Pole.

## The LORD MAYORS Show.

**T**HE Persons appointed for the Service of the Day, meet about Seven of the Clock in the Morning at *Merchants-Taylor's-Hall*, and are placed in the following order.

- I. The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced with Foyns.
- II. The Livery, in Gowns faced with Budge and their Hoods,
- III. Divers Foyns Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
- IV. Thirty Budge Batchelors, in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
- V. Sixty Gentlemen Ushers, in Plush and some in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his shoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.
- VI. Thirty other Gentlemen, for carrying Banners and Colours, some of them being in Plush Coats, the other in Buff.
- VII. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Thirty Six Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are His MAJESTIES, the other the Duke of YORK's: The Serjeant Trumpet wearing not only a Scarf of the Lord Mayors Colours, allowed by his Lordship as his Fee, but also another of the Companies Colours.
- VIII. The Drum Major to His Majesty, wearing a Scarf of the Companies Colours cross his shoulders; Four more of His Majesties Drums and Fifes attend the Service, also Seven other Drums and two Fifes more, each of them (except His Majesties Servants) are habited in Buff-coloured Doublets, Black Breeches, and Scarfs about their waists.
- IX. The two City Marshals, Riding each of them on Horseback, with six persons to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
- X. The Foot Marshal and six Attendants, with like Scarfs and Colours.
- XI. The Master of Defence, with the same Scarf and Colours, having persons of his own Science to attend him.
- XII. Many poor Men Pensioners, accommodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them employed in bearing of Standards and Banners.

XIII. Divers other Pensioners, in green Gowns, red Sleeves and Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in the one hand and a Target in the other, whereon is painted the Coat Armour of their Benefactors.

*Being thus Ordered:*

They are by the Foot Marshal divided into several Divisions, and ranked out by two and two, beginning with the Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them placing the Companies Ensigns, four Drums and one Fife, which is the lowest and most inferiour Division.

In the Rere of them fall in four Drums and one Fife, after them the several Pensioners in Coats, bearing several Banners and Standards; after them four Trumpets; after the Supporters and Crest Ensigns of the Company, six Gentlemen Ushers; after them the Budg Batchelors, which conclude the next Division.

In the Rere of these fall six Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen, bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies Arms; after them follow eight Gentlemen Ushers, and then the Foyns Batchelors, which make up another Division.

After them two Gentlemen Ushers bearing two Banners; after them ten Gentlemen Ushers, habited as is set down before; and after them the Livery.

In the Rere of these fall other of the City Trumpets, and after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and my Lord Mayor, and then the Gentlemen and the Court of Assistants; these conclude that Division.

In the Rere of them fall in four Drums and six Trumpets; after them three other Gentlemen bearing the Kings, Queens, and Cities Banners; and after them four Gentlemen Ushers; to follow them are appointed four Pages; and after them the Master and Wardens; which conclude all the Divisions.

In this Equipage they March from Merchant Taylor's-Hall to his Lordships House, beginning with the Pensioners, until the Marshal comes, and makes a halt at the Gate, 'till such time the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are mounted.

Which

Which being done, the whole Body move towards *Guild-Hall*, and at *Guild-Hall Gate* the new Lord Mayor joyneth with the old Lord Mayor and his Attendants: So all of them march through *King-street* down to *Three-Crane Wharf*, and then the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and their Attendance, at the West end of the said Wharf take their Barge; the Court of Assistants, the Livery, and the Gentlemen Ushers take Barge at the East end. The Budge Batchelors and Fbyns Batchelors, repair to places of refreshment.

The Lord Mayors, the *Merchant Taylors*, and the several Companies Barges hasten to *Westminster*; and by the way his Lordship is saluted with several great Guns. His Lordship and the Aldermen, &c. having a Lane made for them (after their Landing) pass on to *Westminster-hall*, where his Lordship is Sworn; and after having seal'd some Writs, and perform'd some charitable Offices, he takes leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, &c. and returns with the several Companies to his and their Barges.

His Lordship with the Companies that went with him to *Westminster Land* at *Black Fryers*, where his Lordship is saluted with three Volleys from the honourable *Artillery-Company*; after which the *Artillery-Company* lead the way along by the *Fleet Ditch*, and so up *Ludgate hill*, through *Paul's Church-yard* and *Cheapside* into *King-street*, being followed by the several Companies, Batchelors and Pensioners, who are ordered and led by the Foot Marshal; in the Reer of whom follows my Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and Sheriffs. In *King-street* the *Artillery-Company* make a Lane for his Lordship, &c. to pass to *Guild-hall*, (the several Companies doing the same as they come to their respective stands) and when his Lordship is past, they close and march to *Guild-hall yard* where they give his Lordship three more Volleys, and from thence march the next way to the *Artillery Ground*, the several Companies repairing to their respective Halls, where are provided very splendid and costly Dinners for their Entertainments.

While

While the Lord Mayor is at Dinner, he is entertained by one of the City Musick with some Loyal Songs, such as this :

*Let the Traitors Plot on' rill at last they'r undone,  
By buxting their brains to decoy us;  
We whose hearts are at rest, in our Loyalties blest,  
What Demon or Power can annoy us.*

*Ambition like Wine, does the Senses Confound,  
And Treason's a damnable thing;  
Then let him that thinks well see his brimmer go round,  
And pray for the safety and life of the King.*

Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live long,  
For ever be happy, and ever be young,  
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope,  
Let him dye, whilst *Cesar* lives long.

*How happy are we when our thoughts are all free,  
And blest in a sacred Obedience,  
While the Politick Fool that's Ambitious to Rule,  
Still bawkes at the Oath of Allegiance.*

*He trembles and flees from his numerous foes,  
Like a Dear that the hunters surround,  
Whilst we hate all that would Monarchy depose,  
Make the joys of our heart like our Glasses abound.*

Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live long,  
For ever be happy, and ever be young,  
And he that dares hope to change King for a Pope,  
Let him dye, whilst *Cesar* lives long.

Or this,

Live long the great Cæsar, and long may he Reign,  
His Throne let the Sword of bright Justice sustain;  
And Jehova protect with his powerful Arm,  
And guard him secure from all dangers and harm;  
Of dazzling Angels, let Legions sur-round,  
And let him with Conquests and Glory be Crown'd.

Let Majesty shine with its sparkling Rays,  
On his Sacred Head let the flourishing Bays,  
Of Triumph and honour, for ever be green,  
And let his proud Foes in Confusion be seen  
To fly from his face; let Rome no more dare,  
To send forth her Agents, a Prince to Insure.

In whom all the Graces are joyntly combin'd;  
Whom God as a Pattern, has set to Man-kind;  
But let both the Whigs and Jesuitical Train,  
Be silenc'd in Darkness, whilst Cæsar does Reign:  
Oh! let his proud Foes be consum'd in their pride,  
Whilst under his Scepter we safely abide.

Or this new Song, which is set to an excellent  
Tune by Mr. Purcell.

Since the DUKE is return'd we'll slight all the Whigs,  
And let them be hang'd for Politick Prigs;  
Both Presbyter Jack and all the old Crew,  
That lately design'd to depose One so new.  
Make room for the Duke, that never deny'd  
To God save the King, and Duke they reply'd;  
Whose Loyalty ever was fixt with that zeal,  
Of rooting out Schism and proud Common-weal:  
Then bring up a Bottle each Man in his place,  
'Tis a health to the DUKE, Boy give me my Measure,  
The fuller the Glass is, the greater the Pleasure.



After the show, the *Loyal Spectators* entertain themselves with a  
Glas of Wine, drinking *Healts* to the Royal Family and Singing  
such *Loyal Catches*, as this:

Here's a Health to the { King  
Queen  
Duke  
&c. } down let it fall,

There goes Ocean, ships and all;  
Drawer make hast and quickly provide  
A fresh supply to maintain this Tyde:  
Then let it go round without controul,

'Tis the { King's  
Queen's  
Duke's  
&c. } Health, drink off your Bowl.

Cho. And he that Drinks next is an honest Soul.

Or this,

Come here's to the Man that lives quiet  
And follows his own occupation;  
That sawcily dares not to fly at  
The settled Estate of the Nation.

That never in Faction took pleasure,  
Nor sign'd a seditious Petition;  
Whose Religion no Int'rest does measure,  
Whose heart ne're committed Misprision.

But boldly dares own himself *Loyal*  
To every *Phanatical Rumper*;  
And to all of the family *Royal*,  
Most freely will take off his *Bumper*.

FINIS.



